MOTHER EARTH

Vol. V JUNE, 1910 No. 4

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Vol. V **JUNE, 1910** **No. 4**

ANARCHY—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of, invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

AT last we have approached the dignity of a Nation. To prove it beyond peradventure, there is our Hall of Fame. Forty men and women who have achieved signal distinction, provided they "have been dead at least ten years," have a chance to become immortals. A glance at the names shows that the proposed candidates belong, for the most part, to the first half of the XIX. Century. For the last fifty or even sixty years this country has apparently not produced a single immortal. Obviously unfit nominations, for moral or other reasons, —like Poe's, for instance—cannot be considered, of course. The list contains names of preachers, statesmen, and soldiers, and the electing board may intelligently solve the perplexing problem by selecting such really famous men as Pious Rockefeller, Pirate Morgan, and Statesman Hinky Dink.

What a calamity, a nation of shopkeepers and ward heelers! Our sole consolation is that if we can not create art, we can at least buy it; and if there are niches in the Hall of Fame crying for occupants, we can always fall back on ex-Ice King Morse, Big Tim, and John L. Sullivan.

* * *

WHEN the Anarchist says that all governmentalists "look alike to him," he is accused of color blindness. He is told that there are good governmentalists and bad governmentalists, and when a man like Gaynor

succeeds in office one like McClellan, the change lends color to this view. That the latter is superficial, and the men essentially the same, a few months in office quickly show. The evolution of Mayor Gaynor is a case in point.

Those who believed that Gaynor, the "good" governmentalist, would faithfully champion personal liberty, have been rudely awakened by the Mayor signing the Inebriety bill. The purpose of the latter is to break men of the habit of drinking. If the Board of Estimate should vote (i. e. provide the money) for a Board of Inebriety, the following things proceed to happen to "a male person arrested for intoxication": The Board may keep him in its industrial colony and make him pay his keep if he has the money; the court may of its own motion commit the culprit to the custody of the Board for divers terms, may fine him, may release him on conditions for not more than a year and commit him if he violates them once, and must commit him if he violates them twice; or may send him to the workhouse for three years, or impose any other penalty already prescribed by law.

Thus the advocate of personal liberty turns benevolent despot in less than five months. Tyranny has always masked itself in the guise of morality and public welfare. Will the misguided individuals, who believed Gaynor the man would rise superior to Gaynor the official, ever learn the lesson that "good" government is the worst tyranny, and that there is no substitute for freedom.

* * *

PROFESSOR HUGO MÜNSTERBERG, the Harvard psychologist, has been hard at work analyzing the mental state which leads the rich to smuggle. His attention was directed to this subject by the cases of two prominent New Englanders, one a former Governor of New Hampshire, the other a wealthy lady of Boston, who have recently been caught cheating Uncle Sam.

After much profound study and deep delving into the psychic domain, the learned professor has come to the conclusion that though the wealthy are scrupulously honest, they are "unable to personify the United States government, and therefore they do not hesitate to try

to defraud it. Because they regard it as impersonal, they are likely to regard smuggling as a game of chance."

The professor has thus brilliantly qualified himself as the Boswell of every rich thief and knave. For after all, every exploiter is inspired by "scrupulous honesty," except that he is unable to "personify" his factory slaves, and the most despotic government merely fails to "personify" the people.

* * *

PEOPLE who prate of democratic or republican institutions being based upon the theory of the greatest good for the greatest number occasionally receive shocks that must disturb their complacency. The test of civilization is, or should be, the raising of the standard of living and general culture, instead of which the special object of government seems to be to lower both.

Treating the consumer as a myth, or a thing apart, our Federal government always seeks to show in its departmental reports that by reducing the cost of production the profits of the capitalist can be increased, which evidently constitutes the "greatest good for the greatest number." The Department of Commerce and Labor has just issued a report on labor conditions in the great fruit farming district of the West, which proves pretty conclusively that Japanese are the ideal form of labor for that industry, because they can and do live on 20 per cent. of their earnings: on $1.50 a day the laborer can save $1.20.

"'Japanese ambition," the report further states, "to progress beyond mere servility to the plane of the better class of American workmen, to own a home, to operate industries, to be master and not slave, is of the same quality as that of the Italian, the Swiss, the Portuguese, and the Russian, with whom he competes, and is in line with the ambition of that type of American who will not compete with him. The moment that this ambition is exercised the Japanese ceases to be an ideal laborer."

As to the advisability of having a class of workingmen who live on 30 to 60 cents a day, there should be no two opinions. It is bad economics for men to save four-fifths of their income, and is bound to lower the standard of living for the entire community in which they live. But to assert that the moment a man is inspired by the

ambition to progress beyond mere servility, he ceases to be an ideal laborer, is a pernicious doctrine. It is the Greek theory, applied to modern life, to assume that a slave class is necessary for the well-being of society or of an industry. Considering that most historians agree that the existence of slavery was the cause of Greece's downfall, we should say it is a dangerous doctrine to advocate; unless indeed it is based upon the principle of "after me the deluge," which it probably is. Any society or industry which depends for its existence on a servile class, whose standard of living is so far beneath the general average as that of the Japanese laborers, deserves to perish; but as it probably will not, we suggest that every decent man and woman, and more particularly those engaged in a fight for freedom and a higher standard of living and culture, anathematize this contemptible government of ours for spreading such a pernicious propaganda, wholely and solely in the interest of the capitalist.

* * *

CONSIDERING that Australia has so often been heralded as "the workingman's paradise," it is rather disconcerting to learn the character of the new statute passed by the legislature of New South Wales, amending the Industrial Disputes Act of 1908.

The amended Act empowers any police officer above the rank of sergeant, when he has any reasonable ground to believe that any building or place is being used for a meeting for instigating or aiding in the continuance of a strike, to enter such building by breaking open doors, etc., and seize any documents which he may reasonably suspect relate to such a strike or lockout. The amended Act further provides that any meeting of two or more persons assembled for the foregoing purposes shall be declared unlawful, and any person caught in such unlawful purposes shall be liable to imprisonment for twelve months.

There is food for thought in the above for those who wax so enthusiastic over working-class government and labor legislation. Our Suffragists also might ponder over it when they consider that the Australian women, the workingwomen, if you please, are full-fledged voters. The amended anti-strike law covers workingwomen as

well as workingmen. Woman suffrage in Australia has evidently achieved as "glorious" results for female workers as political action has secured for the male wage slave.

❦ ❦ ❦

IN WALL STREET

A PORTRAIT.

By JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

He sits in a marble palace
Counting up cash, alone;
With a brow of brass, and an eye of steel,
And a heart that is turned to stone.

He deals with the man of millions,
And he writes in a book his dues;
He handles his bonds, and he breathes his name,
He could almost black his shoes.

He was trained to serve his country,
But he chose the common crime,
The strife to appease, on bended knees
The Moloch of the time.

So he follows the grim old spectre—
He gives to the god of pelf,
The life of a slave in a living grave,
The grave of his sordid self.

And the great God Mammon keeps him,
And gives him his clothes and feed;
A petrified soul, spawn of the dole
Of this pitiless age of greed.

THE FAILURE OF COMPROMISE

By ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

I.

IN APPROACHING our subject, the first consideration that presents itself is the question of a criterion. That is to say, what shall be the viewpoint from which the question of compromise—its efficacy or failure—should be considered, and considered so as to enable us to form, so far as possible, an objective estimate.

Broadly speaking, especially so far as progressive people are concerned, there should be no real difficulty in determining upon a criterion. By progressive people I mean those who have freed themselves from religious, theologic, and metaphysical superstitions regarding man's place in the universe and the purpose of his being; those, in short, who have emancipated themselves from every cobweb of ultimate purpose, of divine or human Providence external of the Man.

To such people there can be but *one* purpose in life; that is, the individual's development to the utmost capacity of his being, the unfoldment and free manifestation of all his powers, the fullest satisfaction of his desires and ambitions,—in short, complete self-expression.

As the sole aim of life, self-expression is thus also the criterion which alone can enable us to characterize success or failure, in proportion as a given circumstance *favors* or *hinders* man's self-expression, his enjoyment and happiness.

Now, what is compromise? Compromise means concession, surrender—partial or complete—of one's better self. It makes no difference what that surrender involves: position, advantage, money, or a conviction, principle, and ideal. Whatever the thing sacrificed, whatever form the compromise may take, whatever the apparent reasons—it always represents the surrender of something that is most precious and dear to us, of that which is the very woof of our soul's tapestry, the truest and noblest part of our better self. Such surrender may be the result of the pressure of conditions and environment, of personal or social considerations,—but whatever the character or cause of the compromise it never is the im-

perative of an inner necessity, but rather the *stifling* of our inmost desire, the violating of our real self.

This stifling, this violation of our better self, is the real tragedy of man's life, of the man-conscious man, especially. It is an inexhaustible source of inner strife, regrets, remorse, and self-dissatisfaction—a veritable Inferno of interminable misery. Every one of us has been burned and roasted in the fire of this hell within ourselves, the fire that has been lighted by the stifling of the "wee, still voice," by the surrender of a cherished ideal for some immediate advantage, which no sooner gained than it proves a most bitter fruit won at the price of self-surrender, and quickly turning in our hands to the fuel of intensest misery.

Indeed, it cannot be otherwise. For if it is true that self-expression is man's most vital inner necessity, by which his peace and joy are conditioned, then it inevitably follows that every stifling of this necessity, every compromise, must ultimately prove an abject failure, since compromise is the very antithesis, the very negation of self-expression.

It might be argued that men compromise either because of a lack of strength to live up to their ideals, or for the sake of some immediate thing considered desirable or advantageous. That would merely mean to state that there are certain causes which result in compromise. No doubt there are. But the existence of a cause does not argue the desirability of its effects, however inevitable they may be. There are, for instance, certain economic and political causes for the existence of wage slavery. Some may claim such a social condition inevitable; no sane man, however, will consider it either desirable or beneficial *for the slaves.* Similarly, there exist certain causes—internal and external—which drive us to compromise. We are often forced by the stress of circumstances to sacrifice our manhood and to surrender our ideals, but this very fact is an argument, *not for,* but *against* compromise, since it is always accomplished by the suppression of our individuality, at the expense of our development, our expression, and happiness.

Life is a very broad conception. It includes organic and morganic, animate and inanimate. Most of these distinctions are entirely arbitrary, prompted by man's ig-

norance and his irrepressible mania for classification. Equally arbitrary is the partition of Nature into kingdoms, genera, species, and families. Nature knows naught of such distinctions. In fact, there is often more difference between individuals of the same species than between those of different ones. But the thing which is not the arbitrary product of man's classification and differentiation, the only thing which is real and actual is the unit, the individual. In this relation, whatever form or phase of life you may take, you will be forced to the conclusion that its existence as an entity, as a separate and distinct individuality, depends on the free development of its potential qualities. The suppression of one or another of these, interference with its growth, means the transformation, the cessation of that particular entity, of that particular individuality, be it plant or animal.

Thus even in the manifestations of life below the human plane, the law of adaptation results in the extinction of a given entity, so far as its original, distinctive characteristics, attributes, and functions are concerned. However, the question as to whether evolutionary processes can be properly considered in the light of a compromise can at best be but of academic interest. Besides, it is outside the scope of this paper, which is not concerned with theories of evolutionary adaptation, but with the question whether compromise, in human society, is or is not a failure.

The whole social life of mankind is based, to a greater degree than most of us are willing or ready to acknowledge, on concessions, surrender, and compromise. Witness the hypocricy and shams of everyday life, the terrible degradation and humiliation all around us, the fearful slavery and oppression, the cheating, chicanery, corruption, and the untold misery crowning this wonderful structure misnamed civilized life,—and then tell me if this intricate network of shame and compromise can be called a *success!*

Is it not rather the most stupendous and absolute *failure* that human ingenuity could conceive of, a masterpiece of the god of Irony, the most wonderful application of reason, art, and science to the utter perversion of human life? And all this perfection of aberration is accomplished by compromise, the daughter of ignorance and

fear, and in her turn the mother of a thousand and one shams and deceits, forever fruitful and multiplying, till she has transformed out of all semblance the very conception of man's dignity and strength, of life and happiness. It has proved a veritable Pandora box of human suffering and misery, an inexhaustible fountain-head of the most awful tragedies and indescribable degeneracy.

Whatever phase of human life we consider, we cannot help witnessing the disastrous effect of this tendency to compromise. It is equally true in relation to the individual, the family, the factory, and counting room, as well as in regard to our economic, political, and social life. Everywhere compromise holds undisputed sway, everywhere the surrender of one's best self, for this or that reason, because of this consideration or that, because of any one of a thousand equally stupid and absurdly untenable grounds. And always with the same blighting effects, undermining man's most precious possession: character, independence, dignity, and subverting the very purpose of life.

I am not speaking, of course, of man's instinctive and necessary adaptation to natural forces and environment. Such adaptation is inevitable and beneficial, since it accomplishes the supreme end desired—the preservation of life. This natural, instinctive adaptation must not be confounded with the conscious, willful, anti-individual and anti-social sacrifice of the very essentials of our intelligent existence, of our liberty of development and self-expression, of our soul's peace and tranquillity. This surrender of the very meaning of our life, this fatal yielding is not accomplished in response to the demand of natural forces, in harmony with the requirements of our existence. No, on the contrary: this compromise is in direct antagonism to our natural instincts and desires, in defiance of our better judgment and knowledge, and it is always effected by stifling the voice of our heart and laying violent hands on our inmost sanctum. Moreover, this compromise is effected by conforming, first, to conditions the absolute wrong and harm of which we have long since realized; second, to usage, the authority of which we consider, in our hearts, preposterous; and third, to prejudices from which we have already emancipated ourselves. This vicious and hypocritical attitude of compro-

mise, with its resultant deterioration of character and systematic weakening of will-power and resistance, is indulged in usually for the sake of an apparent momentary advantage. Yet the latter never fails to transform itself into a Banquo's ghost, haunting our waking and sleeping hours, and filtering the bitter poison of conscious self-betrayal and wilful mental prostitution through every pore of our being,—the vials of that poison often not exhausted till the merciful hand of death stills our remorse and regrets, and smoothes the pillow of the peace and rest we vainly sought in life.

From its very inception, the vice of compromise curses the still unborn child. Inane considerations of appearance, the opinion of neighbors whom we otherwise consider unworthy of our respect, conformity with usage and custom which we really think ridiculous—all conspire to injure, physically, mentally, and psychically, the germinating life. And when the child is born, its general care, the character of its apparel and food, is determined much more by concessions made to the gods of fashion and custom than by rational hygiene or by our understanding of the child's needs and requirements.

When the child has attained the age of instruction, its education—at home and in school—is based again on the "old reliable" method of following the herd, on that most vicious principle of doing in Rome as the Romans do. Spontaneity, natural unfoldment, and self-expression are perhaps even more discouraged in the child by its parents and teachers (all quite well-meaning, no doubt) than is the case with adults. Especially are the radicals, the "emancipated," guilty in this respect. Pretending to disbelieve in the prevalent false methods of rearing and education, they nevertheless consider it "necessary" to force the body and mind of the child into the old ruts. Necessary—for whom? Surely not for the child's healthy growth, nor for the real satisfaction of the parents, since they claim to be emancipated from these false notions. Nor necessary for society, from the standpoint of these radical parents, since the rearing of *slaves* can certainly prove neither beneficial nor necessary toward the regeneration of society. Beneficial or necessary for no one, in fact, except as this repression and stifling of the child

are dictated by the parents' habit of self-surrender and respect for the established.

Is it any wonder, then, that the children, even those of radicals, grow to manhood in the likeness of things as they are, bearing the stamp of respectable approval and traveling the same road of misery and degradation that has made such a pitiful failure of their parents' lives.

The same applies with equal force to the manifold phases of human endeavor. Our individual life, our family relations, our sex life, our political and economic arrangements are all rotten to the core by the virus of concession and compromise, breeding sham and hypocricy, brutalizing and depraving, destructive of character and manhood, and forever subverting the real and sole purpose of life.

My limited space will not permit speaking at length on the various forms of human expression, important as they are. I can merely touch upon their most significant bearings.

Everyone is familiar with the respectable lie concealed under the veil of "home and family." The place where the future generations of men and women, "noble and true," are reared in an atmosphere of deceit and shams, hatred and strife; the beautiful institution zealously guarded and kept morally intact by constant and habitual compromise. Even radicals, alleged free lovers, have much to answer for in this relation. Emancipated from the stupidity of priestly sanctification and the criminality of governmental invasion of their sex life, these would-be radicals still often pretend to owing certain consideration to public opinion, or having a "duty" to mother, aunt, or grandfather, the duty of "just a little" compromise by acquiescing to an empty and meaningless religious or civil performance. As if one could owe anyone the duty of *turning hypocrite!* As if we could owe anyone a greater duty than *being true to ourselves!* Nor does Nemesis fail to avenge, in these cases, the violence done to one's convictions. The first compromise makes the next easier; one follows another, till —little by little—all that we once held dear, the best and truest in us, has been sacrificed on the altar of the insatiable monster of compromise, and we wake up to

find our own child pointing the finger of scorn at us and crying, "You hypocrite!"

As to our economic life, the student of labor conditions is well aware of the disorganizing and enslaving effect of compromise. Here in America, especially, are the relations of capital and labor still based on the treacherous sands of weak-kneed surrender, with evident results. In no land is the workingman so mercilessly exploited as here; yet in no land is he such a *willing* slave, so bigotted, narrow-minded and patriotic, thoroughly persuaded by the long practice of compromise that this is a *free* country, that it is *his* country, and that his masters are his real benefactors.

Conditions, indeed, force us all to compromise, to some extent, and especially on the economic field. But compromise under protest and the glorification of compromise as a noble ideal, are two entirely different things. As long as the workers *believe in* compromise—under whatever euphonism it may express itself: arbitration, identity of interests, legislative regulation, reform of labor conditions within the confines of wage slavery; as long as the workingmen are trained by their misleaders to cheerfully relinquish their right to the entire product of their labor, and taught to consider every surrender a victory; as long as their power of resistance is thus paralyzed more and more while their gaze is directed to piously contemplate some divine or governmental Messiah—as long, in short, as labor regards the economic arena as a fraternal compromise banquet instead of a *battle-field,* just so long will the workingman remain the abject wage slave that he is, without hope of emancipation.

LIGHT AND SHADOWS IN THE LIFE OF AN AVANT-GUARD

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

MANY years ago, when I first learned to know America's most human writer, Bret Harte, I was told by a friend: "You will never be able to fully appreciate Bret Harte until you have been in California."

Since then it has been my fortune to see that golden stretch of soil five times, and with every new pilgrim-

age I realize more keenly how truthfully my friend had spoken.

The California of to-day has not the primitiveness, the savage beauty, the daring recklessness of Bret Harte's time. Like everything else in our life- and soul-destroying commercialism, California is fast becoming ordinary and commonplace. Yet, with all that, it is still so gloriously beautiful, so rich and fragrant, so thrilling and yet so soothing as to remain forever the enchantress of all those who first followed her lure.

Thirteen years ago I made my first trip to the West, and still I feel the same breathless awe, the same exaltation the moment California is before me. Possibly this is due to the contrast between the endless stretch of desert-like Nevada, with its bareness and deathlike gray, and the rich, soft green that suddenly greets the weary wanderer. A magic hand that turns death to life, ugliness into beauty, and imbues one's drowsy, listless body with intense alertness and expectancy.

We reached California the 18th of April, after fourteen weeks of constant motion through rain and cold, with the winter's chill in body and soul. But California was all Spring, Mother Earth reborn, holding out warmth, hope, and cheer to all her children, the avant-guard not excepted. And who is more in need of Earth's bounteous gifts than the avant-guard, the forerunner of a new life?

Thanks to the gracious hospitality of Dr. George Pyburn, the old young banner bearer of Sacramento, I could make a halt in our restless march. Not so our "Hobo"; he had to go on to San Francisco to pay his usual toll as manager of our meetings. If anyone has envied Dr. Reitman his "lucrative position," he is welcome to try it for a while; the manager will be glad to take a rest.

Dear Doctor Pyburn—Daddy Pyburn, as I best like to call him—is one of the oldest, if not the oldest Anarchist on the coast; yet his interest and enthusiasm in the cause of liberty would put many a younger comrade to shame. He is truly an inspiration to all who have lost faith in the truth and in themselves. At 78 he is as strong in body as in mind, lives in free-

dom, attends his house and garden, and keeps his door and purse always open to those who work for human emancipation.

A few days under Daddy Pyburn's roof and within the fragrance of his roses, and I felt rejuvenated to begin the battle anew.

SAN FRANCISCO has gone back on her record, or perhaps some of those who profess to be radicals have. At any rate, our meetings were not up to the usual mark.

The preliminary arrangements were made by a friend who was too much burdened with other affairs, and San Francisco is too large a city to be thoroughly canvassed in a few days. Still, the faithful few, together with Dr. Reitman, succeeded in saving the situation. Five meetings and a debate furnished the opportunity to dispose of quite a quantity of literature. The debate as to whether collective regulation or free love will guarantee a healthy race was really nothing else than the question whether the State or the individual shall control human affairs. My opponent was a Socialist. That's the reason.

GLEN ELLEN, Jack London's ranch.

Among the people I notified of my lectures in San Francisco was Jack London. As I much wanted to meet him, I asked him to come to San Francisco. He replied in this caustic manner:

"Dear Emma Goldman.—I have your note, but would not go to a meeting even if God Almighty were to lecture. The only time I attend a lecture is when I am to speak. (Poor Jack!) But we want you here. Will you not come to Glen Ellen and bring whomever you have with you?"

Who could resist such a unique yet straight-from-the-heart invitation? And so we went to Glen Ellen. Fortunately for Jack and Charmian London, I had only two friends with me, Ben Reitman and E. E. Kirk; no cats, dogs, or canary birds. But if I had to bring a caravan the trouble would have been worth while.

What a beautiful, jovial, hearty man, this Jack London. So altogether different from the cold, mechanical, bell-button Socialist of the "Crampton and

Vace Letters," the man to whom love, romance, sympathy, and beauty were nothing but machine results. How silly are theories, after all, if they fail to have the human, the red blood in them. Jack London is so much bigger than his matter-of-fact, mechanical attitude toward the million complexities of life. One who can bring us so close to the soul struggle, the mental agony of a "Martin Eden" is not only a great artist, but must also have in him the precious element of life, warm, red blood that beats in unison with every soul in pain.

Everything about Glen Ellen, the glory of the country which showed me California as I had never seen it before; the truly great hospitality of Charmian and Jack London, a hospitality that relieves and soothes and does not bind; above all, the free spirit of the whole atmosphere made our two days' visit a memorable event, a truly great experience.

Los Angeles remains one of the faithful. Comrade W. C. Owen was the patron saint this time. Although far from being well, and with an enormous amount of daily grind in behalf of the Prison Reform work, he nevertheless managed to do a great deal for our meetings. Other friends also helped. Failure was therefore out of the question. As I have repeatedly said, if our meetings are poor it is not because of indifference on the part of the people, but rather owing to poor advertising. We have so few willing to do work, and still fewer who know how to do it. A couple of days are usually enough to arrange meetings in a small city. Dr. Reitman has done it in twenty-four hours. But large cities require a thorough canvass. Where that has been done our work was crowned with success.

Los Angeles has surpassed all our expectations. We had large gatherings every night, including a meeting in Yiddish (the first in that city, by the way). The debate on "Woman Suffrage," with the same gentleman who stood for Collective Regulation, Mr. Edward Adam Cantrell, brought a crowded house. Still the Los Angelites, like Oliver Twist, wanted more. We added another meeting to the list of eight, and that one, too, was literally jammed.

I know Comrade Owen was happy; in fact, everybody was, not only because of the moral and material results, but because of the good will, the harmony, and solidarity among those who helped so faithfully in the work.

The Los Angeles visit, aside from the pleasure of meeting my many dear friends there, proved particularly interesting to me this time. I met there that rare man who, released from prison, had not forgotten the unfortunate victims behind the bars: Colonel Griffith J. Griffith, who, together with that tireless worker, Comrade W. C. Owen, has started the disclosures of the horrors in American prisons by the publication of "Crime and Criminals," a book every social student ought to read—the most scathing indictment against our entire penal system ever published. The extensive correspondence carried on by the Prison Reform Association has further helped to awaken an interest in the life of our social outcasts. The whole work has been financed entirely by Colonel Griffith J. Griffith.

If I thought that a great wrong is sure to awaken social consciousness and fellow-feeling, I should wish for all men the experience of Mr. G. J. Griffith. Especially would I wish that people of wealth should get a dose of American prisons. Perhaps they would follow the good example of the man in Los Angeles. But that is expecting almost the superhuman. Colonel Griffith is still a believer in legislative enactment, as a measure of reform. 'Tis the political germ. But if Mr. Griffith could learn the injustice practiced within the prison, he will also learn the greater injustice of the thing that makes prison abuses inevitable—that is, government.

SAN DIEGO. The rarest of all rarities in America is to find a German proletarian who has interested himself in the life struggle of his people rather than in pinochle and singing-vereins. Such a curiosity is Comrade Ernest Besselman, as saturated with the spirit of revolt, as completely devoted to the cause of liberty, as if he had just stepped out of the early revolutionary movement of Germany. I mean the proletarian Germany of twenty-five or thirty years ago, not of the

sleek and polished political demagoguerie of to-day. Although our comrade earns an American fortune of nine dollars per week, I am confident that at least six of them go every week to the revolutionary cause, which to him is the very breath of life.

He is no mean artist, this proletarian. A skilled decorator, he would, in a sane world, beautify public halls for the festivals of the people. But in this stupid society of ours he decorates the palaces of the parasites who fatten on the sweat of the disinherited. Among his "patrons" was Mrs. Suffragist Belmont, whose great "generosity" to the shirtwaist makers brought the newspaper lackeys to her feet.

For this lady our comrade worked. He decorated a smoking room for ladies in a wonderful damask red, as red as the blood of the countless millions that are being devoured by the Moloch of Greed. Ernest Besselman forgot that lives like his are cheap in this Christian world. He fell off the scaffold, dislocated his left arm, and broke his shoulder blade. What did Sister Belmont do? Nothing, since there was no chance for newspaper notoriety and vote-getting. Oh, I forgot: She immediately stopped Ernest Besselman's pay. Not enough, you say. Too much for a working man. However, our comrade has humor He told me that a minister visited him in the hospital and asked him whether he had ever worked on Sundays. Our friend naively told him that he did. "Well, my friend," said the minister, "bear your accident like a Christian, for it is God's punishment for your sin of working on the Sabbath." Two years later our comrade was again sent to work on the Belmont estate. At that time he had affiliated himself with the I. W. W. He wore the emblem of that organization. Mrs. Belmont, who wants the vote because her gardener has it, upbraided poor Besselman for being a Russian revolutionist, because of the innocent red button. Pity the constituents who will place Mrs. Belmont in power.

This bit of history must prove especially interesting to my friends who were carried away last winter by the hysteria of Mrs. Belmont and Miss Anna Morgan, in connection with the shirtwaist makers' strike.

Ernest Besselman can no longer follow his art for a living. But his love of the beautiful is too deep to be smothered. So he decorates the I. W. W. hall, his own little bachelor room, and whatever else he may. How many Besselmans die for want even of that much!

With infinite devotion and care he arranged my meetings, pasted the town in the early morning hours, and proved a veritable inspiration in that lethargic, dead San Diego.

I am sure our comrade was as happy as a lark over the results, though they were not very great. But if the meetings had actually been a failure, it would have been worth the effort, if only to meet such a rare and refreshing specimen of humanity. Dear, brave Comrade, if not for such as you the shadows in the life of the avant-guard would shut out the light completely.

* * *

CHILD LABOR

By H. KELLY.

THE N. Y. *Sun* has long been noted for its brutal and sinister defense of the present form of wage slavery. With a staff of writers trained in the Dana school, they often make the most outrageous abuse of human rights look plausible. It requires skill to make child labor seem defensible; it takes genius to make it appear beneficial and humane, for even the most callous bourgeois has qualms of conscience on this subject—unless he is a direct beneficiary.

In an editorial published in a recent issue, the *Sun* attempts to prove that child labor in Southern mills is both beneficial and humane; the writer, however, not being a genius, the attempt is a stupid failure. Thus runs his argument:

"Some time ago, perhaps three weeks, we took occasion to say that the women and children taken from the smaller Southern farms and employed in the cotton mills were vastly benefited by the transplantation; improved physically and morally, transformed from forlorn and anæmic conditions into conditions of health and activity

and vigor, and elevated to higher planes of enlightened well being. Of course we did not refer to the *exceptional mills* where searchers after hardship and neglect can find almost any deplorable circumstance they happen to be looking for. We had in view the *normal mill* towns, representing six-tenths if not more of the now progressive industry.

"There are mills all over North and South Carolina where so-called 'child labor' has been most beneficent, where the mill owners build schools and churches and for the most part pay the salaries of the teachers and the ministers, where they establish clubhouses and libraries and kindergartens for the training and development of the youth within their influence, and where the objects of these ministrations emerge from the pallid and unwholesome products of the isolated farms into rosy, happy, and perfectly natural children. Some have established bands and military companies, playgrounds, halls for light theatrical entertainments, and behind it all are the sanitary homes, the cooking schools, the system of picnics and other social reunions which illumine life and bring health and knowledge and high spirits to the individual."

All things are possible in this world. It may even be that the luxuries purchased with the thirty-five to fifty cents a week, paid some of these children, have brought roses to their cheeks and increased the vitality of their bodies. Likewise the clubhouses, libraries, churches, schools, etc., have improved their minds, and the music developed their culture and added a poetic touch to their imagination. When, however, our writer talks about the "exceptional mills where searchers after hardship and neglect can find almost any deplorable circumstance they happen to be looking for," and having "in view the normal mill towns, representing six-tenths if not more of the now progressive industry," we must draw the veil. Six-tenths is, if we are not mistaken, three-fifths; and if three-fifths is the normal and two-fifths the exceptional, words have lost their meaning. On the face of it, deplorable conditions exist in two-fifths of the cotton mills of the South, for even our apologist admits that. It would seem as if there is still plenty of work left the "muckraker" to do. In our glad childhood

days, when the present writer was a child slave, he worked in a spool cotton or thread factory, and while his memory is a little faulty as to details, one fact stands out vividly in his mind. After working half a day under the Elysian conditions that prevailed, he was so anxious to get away that he neglected to ask for his pay, which, in a boy of eleven with a predilection for high finance, is most significant. Child labor is one of the worst blots on our civilization, and all the journalistic skill and jesuitry in the world can not lessen the horror of it or the contempt one must feel for those who traffic in or defend it. Summarizing a U. S. report on the subject, five years ago, the *Sun* itself admitted that two million children, with an average of eleven years, were employed in the factories, mills, and mines of this country. Unable to disguise this terrible evil, they seek to justify it upon ethical grounds, as if the very fact of the churches, schools, libraries, clubhouses, etc., the capitalists of the South are donating, is not in itself an admission that child labor is very profitable. It is part of the wealth created by the children that built, furnished, and manned these institutions which are being used to instil in the children the slave spirit and make them satisfied with their conditions. This is one of the great truths taught by Ferrer. In the past the policy was to deny education to the worker; now it is to educate him; but with the institutions of learning in the hands of the Philistines, that very education is used to debauch the child's mind and keep him hugging his chains. It is a sinister move this, calling for the very best efforts on the part of liberty-loving people to nail and ultimately destroy it.*

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* Since the above was written, Samuel F. Patterson, the man who, according to the N. Y. *Sun*, "is largely responsible for the existence of the town of Roanoke Rapids, N. C.", and who is a large mill owner there, describes (interview, *Sun*, May 5th) the beautiful conditions in Southern cotton mills, stating that the hours of labor in his "model mill" are *sixty-three* a week. Ten and a half hours a day, six days of the week, *for children*, is sure to improve their health and spiritual development. In a few years it will no doubt make angels of them.

THE DOMINANT IDEA

(Conclusion.)

IF NOW we look around us to see what idea dominates our own civilization, I do not know that it is even as attractive as this piteous monster of the old darkness. The relativity of things has altered: Man has risen and God has descended. The modern village has better homes and less pretentious churches. Also the conception of dirt and disease as much-sought afflictions, the patient suffering of which is a meet offering to win God's pardon, has given place to the emphatic promulgation of cleanliness. We have Public School nurses notifying parents that "pediculosis capitis" is a very contagious and unpleasant disease; we have cancer associations gathering up such cancers as have attached themselves to impecunious persons, and carefully experimenting with a view to cleaning them out of the human race; we have tuberculosis societies attempting the Herculean labor of clearing the Augean stables of our modern factories of the deadly bacillus, and they have got as far as spittoons with water in them in some factories; and others, and others, and others, which while not yet overwhelmingly successful in their avowed purposes are evidence sufficient that humanity no longer seeks dirt as a means of grace. We laugh at those old superstitions and talk much about exact experimental knowledge. We endeavor to galvanize the Greek corpse, and pretend that we enjoy physical culture. We dabble in many things; but the one great real idea of our age, not copied from any other, not pretended, not raised to life by any conjuration, is the Much Making of Things,—not the making of beautiful things, not the joy of spending living energy in creative work; rather the shameless, merciless driving and over-driving, wasting and draining of the last bit of energy, only to produce heaps and heaps of things,—things ugly, things harmful, things useless, and at the best largely unnecessary. To what end are they produced? Mostly the producer does not know; still less does he care. But he is possessed with the idea that he *must* do it, every one is doing

it, and every year the making of things goes on more and faster; there are mountain ranges of things made and making, and still men go about desperately seeking to increase the list of created things, to start fresh heaps and to add to the existing heaps. And with what agony of body, under what stress and strain of danger and fear of danger, with what mutilations and maimings and lamings they struggle on, dashing themselves out against these rocks of wealth! Verily, if the vision of the Mediæval Soul is painful in its blind staring and pathetic striving, grotesque in its senseless tortures, the Soul of the Modern is most amazing with its restless, nervous eyes, ever searching the corners of the universe, its restless, nervous hands ever reaching and grasping for some useless toil.

And certainly the presence of things in abundance, things empty and things vulgar and things absurd, as well as things convenient and useful, has produced the desire for the possession of things, the exaltation of the possession of things. Go through the business street of any city, where the tilted edges of the strata of things are exposed to gaze, and look at the faces of the people as they pass,—not at the hungry and smitten ones who fringe the sidewalks and plain dolefully for alms, but at the crowd,—and see what idea is written on their faces. On those of the women, from the ladies of the horse-shows to the shop girls out of the factory, there is a sickening vanity, a consciousness of their clothes, as of some jackdaw in borrowed feathers. Look for the pride and glory of the free, strong, beautiful body, lithe-moving and powerful. You will not see it. You will see mincing steps, bodies tilted to show the cut of a skirt, simpering, smirking faces, with eyes cast about seeking admiration for the gigantic bow of ribbon in the overdressed hair. In the caustic words of an acquaintance, to whom I once said, as we walked, "Look at the amount of vanity on all these women's faces," "No: look at the little bit of womanhood showing out of all that vanity!"

And on the faces of the men, coarseness! Coarse desires for coarse things, and lots of them: the stamp

is set so unmistakably that "the wayfarer though a fool need not err therein." Even the frightful anxiety and restlessness begotten of the creation of all this, is less distasteful than the abominable expression of lust for the things created.

Such is the dominant idea of the western world, at least in these our days. You may see it wherever you look, impressed plainly on things and on men; very like if you look in the glass, you will see it there. And if some archæologist of a long future, shall some day unbury the bones of our civilization, where ashes or flood shall have entombed it, he will see this frightful idea stamped on the factory walls he shall uncover, with their rows and rows of square light-holes, their tons upon tons of toothed steel, grinning out of the skull of this our life; its acres of silk and velvet, its square miles of tinsel and shoddy. No glorious marbles of nymphs and fawns, whose dead images are yet so sweet that one might wish to kiss them still; no majestic figures of winged horses, with men's faces and lions' paws casting their colossal symbolism in a mighty spell forward upon Time, as those old stone chimeras of Babylon yet do; but meaningless iron giants, of wheels and teeth, whose secret is forgotten, but whose business was to grind men up, and spit them out as housefuls of woven stuffs, bazaars of trash, wherethrough other men might wade. The statues he shall find will bear no trace of mythic dream or mystic symbol; they will be statues of merchants and ironmasters and militia-men, in tailored coats and pantaloons and proper hats and shoes.

But the dominant idea of the age and land does not necessarily mean the dominant idea of any single life. I doubt not that in those long gone days, far away by the banks of the still Nile, in the abiding shadow of the pyramids, under the heavy burden of other men's stolidity, there went to and fro restless, active, rebel souls who hated all that the ancient society stood for, and with burning hearts sought to overthrow it.

I am sure that in the midst of all the agile Greek intellect created, there were those who went about

with downbent eyes, caring nothing for it all, seeking some higher revelation, willing to abandon the joys of life, so that they drew near to some distant, unknown perfection their fellows knew not of. I am certain that in the dark ages, when most men prayed and cowered, and beat and bruised themselves, and sought afflictions, like that St. Teresa who said, "Let me suffer, or die," there were some, many, who looked on the world as a chance jest, who despised or pitied their ignorant comrades, and tried to compel the answers of the universe to their questionings, by the patient, quiet searching which came to be Modern Science. I am sure there were hundreds, thousands of them, of whom we have never heard.

And now, to-day, though the Society about us is dominated by Thing-Worship, and will stand so marked for all time, that is no reason any single soul should be. Because the one thing seemingly worth doing to my neighbor, to all my neighbors, is to pursue dollars, that is no reason I should pursue dollars. Because my neighbors conceive they need an inordinate heap of carpets, furniture, clocks, china, glass, tapestries, mirrors, clothes, jewels—and servants to care for them, and detectives to keep an eye on the servants, judges to try the thieves, and politicians to appoint the judges, jails to punish the culprits, and wardens to watch in the jails, and tax collectors to gather support for the wardens, and fees for the tax collectors, and strong houses to hold the fees, so that none but the guardians thereof can make off with it,—and therefore, to keep this host of parasites, need other men to work for them, and make the fees; because my neighbors want all this, is that any reason I should devote myself to such a barren folly? and bow my neck to serve to keep up the gaudy show?

Must we, because the Middle Age was dark and blind and brutal, throw away the one good thing it wrought into the fibre of Man, that the inside of a human being was worth more than the outside? that to conceive a higher thing than oneself and live toward that is the only way of living worthily? The goal strived for should, and must, be a very different one from that which led the mediæval fanatics to

despise the body and belabor it with hourly crucifixions. But one can recognize the claims and the importance of the body without therefore sacrificing truth, honor, simplicity, and faith, to the vulgar gauds of body service, whose very decorations debase the thing they might be supposed to exalt.

I have said before that the doctrine that men are nothing and circumstances all, has been and is the bane of our modern social reform movements.

Our youth, themselves animated by the spirit of the old teachers who believed in the supremacy of ideas, even in the very hour of throwing away that teaching, look with burning eyes to the social East, and believe that wonders of revolution are soon to be accomplished. In their enthusiasm they foreread the gospel of Circumstances to mean that very soon the pressure of material development must break down the social system—they give the rotten thing but a few years to last, and then, they themselves shall witness the transformation, partake in its joys. The few years pass away and nothing happens; enthusiasm cools. Behold these same idealists then, successful business men, professionals, property owners, money lenders, creeping into the social ranks they once despised, pitifully, contemptibly, at the skirts of some impecunious personage to whom they have lent money, or done some professional service gratis; behold them lying, cheating, tricking, flattering, buying and selling themselves for any frippery, any cheap little pretense. The Dominant Social Idea has seized them, their lives are swallowed up in it; and when you ask the reason why, they tell you that Circumstances compelled them so to do. If you quote their lies to them, they smile with calm complacency, assure you that when Circumstances demand lies, lies are a great deal better than truth; that tricks are sometimes more effective than honest dealing; that flattering and duping do not matter, if the end to be attained is desirable; and that under existing "Circumstances" life isn't possible without all this; that it is going to be possible whenever Circumstances have made truth-telling easier than lying, but till then a man must look out for himself, by all means. And

so the cancer goes on rotting away the moral fibre, and the man becomes a lump, a squash, a piece of slippery slime, taking all shapes and losing all shapes, according to what particular hole or corner he wishes to glide into,—a disgusting embodiment of the moral bankruptcy begotten by Thing-Worship.

Had he been dominated by a less material conception of life, had his will not been rotted by the intellectual reasoning of it out of its existence, by its acceptance of its own nothingness, the unselfish aspirations of his earlier years would have grown and strengthened by exercise and habit; and his protest against the time might have been enduringly written, and to some purpose.

Will it be said that the Pilgrim fathers did not hew, out of the New England ice and granite, the idea which gathered them together out of their scattered and obscure English villages, and drove them in their frail ships over the Atlantic in midwinter, to cut their way against all opposing forces? Were they not common men, subject to the operation of common law? Will it be said that Circumstances aided them? When death, disease, hunger, and cold had done their worst, not one of those remaining was willing by an *easy lie* to return to material comfort and the possibility of long days.

Had our modern social revolutionists the vigorous and undaunted conception of their own powers that these had, our social movements would not be such pitiful abortions,—core-rotten even before the outward flecks appear.

"Give a labor leader a political job, and the system becomes all right," laugh our enemies; and they point mockingly to Terence Powderly and his like; and they quote John Burns, who as soon as *he* went into Parliament declared: "The time of the agitator is past; the time of the legislator has come." "Let an Anarchist marry an heiress, and the country is safe," they sneer:—and they have the right to sneer. But would they have that right, could they have it, if our lives were not in the first instance dominated by more insistent desires than those we would fain have others think we hold most dear?

It is the old story: "Aim at the stars, and you may hit the top of the gatepost; but aim at the ground and you will hit the ground."

It is not to be supposed that any one will attain to the full realization of what he purposes, even when those purposes do not involve united action with others; he *will* fall short; he will in some measure be overcome by contending or inert opposition. But something he will attain, if he continues to aim high.

What, then, would I have? you ask. I would have men invest themselves with the dignity of an aim higher than the chase for wealth; choose a thing to do in life outside of the making of things, and keep it in mind,—not for a day, nor a year, but for a lifetime. And then keep faith with themselves! Not be a light-o'-love, to-day professing this and to-morrow that, and easily reading oneself out of both whenever it becomes convenient; not advocating a thing to-day and to-morrow kissing its enemies' sleeve, with that weak, coward cry in the mouth, "Circumstances make me." Take a good look into yourself, and if you love Things and the power and the plenitude of Things better than you love your own dignity, human dignity, Oh say so, say so. Say it to yourself, and abide by it. But do not blow hot and cold in one breath. Do not try to be a social reformer and a respected possessor of Things at the same time. Do not preach the straight and narrow way while going joyously upon the wide one. *Preach the wide one*, or do not preach at all; but do not fool yourself by saying you would like to help usher in a free society, but you cannot sacrifice an armchair for it. Say honestly, "I love armchairs better than free men, and pursue them because I choose; not because circumstances make me. I love hats, large, large hats, with many feathers and great bows; and I would rather have those hats than trouble myself about social dreams that will never be accomplished in my day. The world worships hats, and I wish to worship with them."

But if you choose the liberty and pride and strength of the single soul and the free fraternization of men as the purpose which your life is to make manifest, then do not sell it for tinsel. Think that your soul is

strong and will hold its way, and slowly, through bitter struggle perhaps, the strength will grow. And the foregoing of possessions for which others barter the last possibility of freedom will become easy.

At the end of life you may close your eyes saying: "I have not been dominated by the Dominant Idea of my Age; I have chosen mine own allegiance, and served it. I have proved by a lifetime that there is that in man which saves him from the absolute tyranny of Circumstance, which in the end conquers and remoulds Circumstance, the immortal fire of Individual Will, which is the salvation of the Future."

Let us have Men, Men who will say a word to their souls and keep it—keep it not when it is easy, but keep it when it is hard—keep it when the storm roars and there is a white-streaked sky and blue thunder before, and one's eyes are blinded and one's ears deafened with the war of opposing things; and keep it under the long leaden sky and the gray dreariness that never lifts. Hold unto the last: that is what it means to have a Dominant Idea, which Circumstance cannot break. And such men make and unmake Circumstance.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

* * *

MARTIN EDEN

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

OUR age is symbolized by the printed word. A veritable deluge of printed paper overwhelms us daily. The veriest witch sabbath celebrates its orgies on the book mart, and we are in danger of being suffocated by this literary high tide. The mind of the conscientious critic simply staggers beneath this oppressive burden. Where is the intellectual able to keep abreast of all this output in five or six modern languages? It fills one with weariness and disgust—disgust at the thousand and one papers, magazines, brochures, and books, at the interminable printed rubbish, the famous and infamous dime literature of literary vanity and commercialism.

Notwithstanding, one must read. Reading has become a part of our life, and I feel a certain mistrust towards people who do not read, a mistrust of their intellect, their depth and love. Books aid us to draw closer the lines separating man and man; they bring us nearer to the suffering, the disappointments and disillusions of our fellow beings; they are the bridges of human souls. There are days when one's heart just cries out for a book; a book that moves one to his depths, one in which the melodies of the heart find an answering echo, a book to live over again life's experiences; a book, in short, standing out from the literary rubbish heap, filling us with deep joy and forming new values.

Such a book Jack London has given us in "Martin Eden" (Macmillan Co., New York), a book of affecting tragedy and power.

Most men are inexpressibly distant and strange to each other. The soul, mirrored so clearly in the child's eyes, is soon hidden by fear, shame, and pride, and remains buried beneath the weight of its armor. Occasionally emboldened to show itself, it quickly shrinks back in affright, terrified by the suffocating air of conventionality, brutality, indifference, and lack of understanding.

The whole process of man's evolution consists in the struggle against this very conventionality and brutality, which in truth are synonymous. Conventionality and respectability are the means society employs to disguise the souls' differentiations and particular needs, endeavoring to cast them into moulds of uniformity, that is, to level them to the insignificance of ciphers, for only thus similarity is possible. In this manner society paralyzes all upward striving, energy, and independence, robbing individuality of its best elements.

Yet, all these efforts are not entirely successful. At all times there have been souls who prized their independence so highly as to suffer everything for its sake. Such a nature London portrays in Martin Eden.

Martin Eden is an individuality which stands outside its environment, yet continually and ineffectually striving to touch the soul strings of that environment. A stranger to every one about him, Eden is known only to himself. The flight of his soul is on intimate heights, his language vibrates particular tones, his sympathies are full of dis-

tinctive nuances, and these mask him from those about him in spite of the candidness of his motives. The lack of understanding is the rock on which Martin Eden's soul is, must be, wrecked.

Eden is a personality which feels itself superior to formulated life, a nature affirming all that is wholesome, strong, and virile, seeking to free its creative artistic genius from all obstacles; a personality which sees in social manifestations merely the symbol of its unconscious powers. In a world of superficiality and inane incoherence such a personality must inevitably perish.

Jack London has undoubtedly portrayed much of his own life in this book. I am convinced that there is not another work in our autobiographic literature which in point of power and sincerity can compare with "Martin Eden." It is a masterwork of psychologic perception. The characters are so vital and convincing that one almost feels himself in their actual presence, discussing the problems of life.

Martin Eden himself is a personality of tragic grandeur. The development of this character, his intellectual rise above his environment, finds no parallel in contemporary American literature. But this intimate delineation is not limited only to the central character; it is equally true of all the other characters in the work. With what a depth of appreciation and tenderness is Brissenden portrayed, the ingenious writer; Lizzie Connolly, the heart-genuine proletarian; and how clearly and pointedly Ruth Morse is drawn, the polished product of conventionality, and her bourgeois environment.

Some critics accuse Jack London of painting life in too brutal colors. What superficial criticism! London is not a writer for the matineé girl. His so-called brutality is in reality the virility of the great artist who portrays life as it actually is,—too virile for a generation vitiated by a literature of mawkish sentimentality. All the works of London, true artist that he is, are characterized by a background symbolic of the New Life. His description of pity, for instance, as in the case of Gertrude Higginbotham, is not the superficial, passing, cold-hearted conventional philanthropy touched with pleasurable egotism; it is the sadness of deep-felt helplessness to lighten the heavy burden of a human soul. To some,

pity is a kind of spiritual balm for their own little souls, gladdened by such expression of their high-minded generosity. I mistrust writers like Maeterlinck whose beautiful words of pity sound so profound and appear so deeply felt. They know nothing of the terrible soul anguish which such as Multatuli and Nietzsche experience.

London is by far the most virile writer in contemporary American literature. He personifies the wild beauty of the cruel, merciless, and yet magnificent life of our time, with all its disappointments, its rebellious iconoclasm, its uprising against the slavery and debasement of our existence. At a time when shrewd mediocrity gives the keynote to life, Jack London has struck a new chord, touched our innermost, and set in motion new vibrations. His distinctive quality is nobility of spirit.

* * *

THE CONTINUING AMERICAN INTEREST IN FRANCISCO FERRER

By LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

WHEN Ferrer fell at Barcelona last October, a convulsive shock of horror was felt throughout the world. Hundreds of articles were written about him, and hundreds of meetings held, in all countries. Interest extended even to India, Japan, and Australia. Every one felt, and felt rightly, that a crime had been committed against civilization.

All this was creditable to the instincts of humanity, but what of the aftermath? How many still care about Francisco Ferrer? How many are still willing not merely to join in emotional meetings of protest, but to do something substantial to honor this heroic figure who lived nobly and died nobly, for his convictions? England, France, Spain, Italy, have all published books about him. Brussels is to erect a statue in August. What will America do?

A little group of Ferrer enthusiasts in this country, including James Vidal, a personal friend of Ferrer, and Helen Tufts Bailie, of Boston, have been gathering pictures and documents relating to Ferrer and the Modern

Schools for several months past. The collection is already most valuable. In response to an appeal from Vidal, Anselmo Lorenzo, the veteran teacher of the Modern Schools, has sent two articles giving his own intimate impressions of Ferrer and the schools. These are being translated into English, and will be included in a biography of Ferrer now being prepared for publication in America.

Emma Goldman has done more than any one else to keep alive American interest in the martyred founder of the Modern Schools. Her lectures on Ferrer throughout the country have been well attended. As a result of her appeals, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, and Spokane have all made substantial financial contributions toward the initial expenses connected with the collection of literary material for the biography. A complete set of the text-books used in the Modern Schools will be purchased as soon as possible.

On Friday evening, June 3, the "Francisco Ferrer Association" was organized in the meeting hall of the Harlem Liberal Alliance, New York. There was a good attendance and much enthusiasm. Speeches were made by James Vidal, Harry Kelly, Alexander Berkman, and others. Twenty-two present gave their names and addresses, and contributed an initiation fee of one dollar as charter members. W. M. Van der Weyde, 241 Fifth Avenue, was elected secretary of the new organization "to perpetuate the work and memory of Francisco Ferrer." The advisory board of the association includes Jack London, Upton Sinclair, Charles Edward Russell, Alden Freeman, Hutchins Hapgood, and many others. The influence of Ferrer is more vital and far-reaching in America to-day than ever before.

FRANCISCO FERRER FUND.

Collected at Emma Goldman meetings: Salt Lake City, $10.00; San Francisco, $12.70; Los Angeles, $11.00; Portland, $6.38; Seattle, $15.24; Spokane, $9.14; J. S. Lichty, Spokane, $5.00. Total, $69.46.

AN APPEAL

TO OUR COMRADES, THE RADICALS.

The Firebrand, a fortnightly journal, holding the torch of Anarchism aloft in the land of ultra-conservatism and religious bigotry, finds itself unable to continue publication on account of having no press. To supply this necessity will require more funds than we can now command. We make this appeal to those who wish to aid in maintaining an exponent of liberty in the South. We ask for contributions, large or small, as each feels impelled to give, and from those who have not, nothing is expected. All contributions will be duly acknowledged and reported in MOTHER EARTH. Contributions may be sent to MOTHER EARTH. or direct to *The Firebrand,* Ross Winn, Pub., 1705 Water street, Corpus Christi, Texas.

For the first time we are asking for aid. We are impelled to do so by the belief that many comrades will gladly coöperate in the work we are carrying on.

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